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--- AS WE SEE IT

Winter. And Coraddi slips beneath dormitory doors looking for a reader to keep it warm. We hope you will like what it has to offer: poems (poets seem to be blooming this year, even in winter), art, short stories; no essay—we regret this absence. Whether because of lack of publicity on our part or lack of enthusiasm, there was very little response to the freshman essay contest; there were hardly enough submissions to justify the printing of an essay, particularly since there was a plentiful number of rather nice poems. Of the short stories, "The Crash of 1955" is drastically different and uproariously funny; we hope you will enjoy it. We have tried to include as much material as possible. Though this is our last "very own" issue, we are anticipating the Arts Festival issue.

The Arts Festival, concentrated into two short days (March 16-17) promises to be an exciting experience. The guest writers have been announced: Karl Shapiro, noted poet; William Goyen, author of *Ghost and Flesh*, which is reviewed in this issue; and Frances Gray Patton, author of *Good Morning, Miss Dove*. John Dos Passos, though unable to come to the festival, will be on campus February 27. Our own Randall Jarrell, of course, will complete the artist panel; Dr. William Blackburn, professor of writing at Duke University, will act as moderator. We are hoping to make this an even better festival than was held last year.

And after that last issue, we will be turning the magazine over to a new staff. A majority of the present staff will be graduating. For this reason, I should like to urge those interested in trying out for *Coraddi* staff to do so; information may be obtained from any staff member. *Coraddi* itself belongs to the student body, and more particularly to those students who are dedicating themselves to the arts. With this last issue, we feel we have accomplished something of our purpose—that of encouraging writing and the arts. The Arts Festival will decide to what degree this is true. We have succeeded in our project to correlate the arts as much as we had intended—perhaps the next staff can more nearly accomplish this. We wish them success.

And we wish them wisdom. There may be nothing new under the sun, but in one lifetime, it is hardly possible to learn all the old. Even writing, creative writing, even it must say what has been said before. But this does not remove our own responsibility; if anything, it makes more demanding than ever. Complacency is not the fault of itself, nor is conventionality; our own immaturity is at fault. To understand is more valuable than to cry out in protest; toward understanding is toward maturity. To move a mountain, one must stoop to pick up stones, must dig with hands, must work slowly (no bulldozers, please), and most important, must understand the mountain.

N. A. M.

WINTER ISSUE

1956

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WOMAN'S COLLEGE of the UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro, N. C.

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by Nancy Tharrington

THE CRASH OF '55

LINGLEY COLLEGE is a girls' school in South Carolina. It is a school in which the old and the new are beautifully joined together and yet at constant odds, though few "Lingleylites" would admit to any strife between the two. For forty years after Lingley was founded it was a small school designed to meet the needs of a liberal arts education for young ladies. It was limited to five hundred girls, and because this number was set upon, it meant there was no need for expansion in the buildings or grounds. The money which ordinarily would be spent for expansion and modernization was spent in enticing the best faculty members in the nation to Lingley and in enlarging the library and the Lingley Gallery of Art. President Hobbs felt that the old setting and tradition must be maintained, even at the cost of comfort, but the education the girls received should be the most complete and modern.

In 1940, however, all this was changed. Miss Virginia Bridgeport, class of 1906, decided to leave all her money to Lingley on condition that the money would be used for the purpose of expansion. The trustees had a meeting to discuss this. Although Miss Bridgeport's fortune was great, no fortune would be worth changing the tradition of Lingley over, many thought. Others said that since Lingley was one of the best colleges in the nation of its kind, it should expand in order to enable more girls to take advantage of its benefits. What they could do with this money would be only the beginning of a giant expansion program which would not only supply more dormitories, but also create new departments, whereby girls would be able to choose a major and prepare for some profession if they so wanted. The argument was long and bitter, and for a long time they were at a deadlock. Finally, the tie was broken, and Lingley agreed to accept the money, expand to take in more girls. President Hobbs resigned, and Harvey Morgan, head of the history department, accepted the president's position.

The expansion program was remarkably rapid. Then the war broke out. After the war, however, it was resumed at full speed to make up for lost time. New dormitories were built, new classroom buildings, a new gymnasium, and best of all, a new and larger library. Although Lingley was outwardly being modernized, everyone agreed that the important traditions and policies of the college should remain the same. The older members of the faculty strove to maintain the old atmosphere, but the newer ones, without actually intending to, managed to forment a feeling of unrest among some of the students. This feeling was kept so carefully concealed that each student who felt it thought it was present only in herself, and nothing happened for a long time. Finally though an explosion occurred—one that was so violent and unexpected that the whole state rocked with shocked disbelief. Only four people know the whole story, but now with so many false explanations being given for this happening, I can't resist telling it as it actually did occur, though the true explanation is more fantastic than any yet given:

It got its start one night when four of us were congregated in my room. We were all pretty sick of studying and had decided to take a bridge break. As we were playing, Ellen started in on an unusual topic of conversation—bizarre and impish pranks we could play to shock everyone. This was something that in my spare time I had thought about before, but didn't dare to mention to any of my other friends. They would be shocked, I thought. But now when Ellen brought it up, I was willing to contribute my ideas, and to my surprise, the other girls had been thinking about such things too.

Ellen started off by suggesting that one day we set fire to Dr. Franklin's notes while he was lecturing. Screaming fire in chapel was then suggested along with faking a nervous breakdown in psychology class. Then Terry said she thought it would be fun to rearrange all the books in the library. That appealed to all of us especially, and we discussed it at some length. Then I said that it would be even more startling if someone could steal all the books out of the library and hide them somewhere else. With devilish glee we pictured the amazed faces of the students as they walked into the empty library.

Although none of us actually considered going through with this grand theft, we couldn't seem to get the idea out of our minds. We made plans as if we were going to do it until we had it worked out perfectly in a fool-proof scheme. Finally the whole idea had become such an obsession with us all, that we realized that we would never be content until we had actually tested out our plans.

The problem of getting the books out of the library and storing them elsewhere was simple enough. We would hide in the stacks at night and wait until after the library had closed up and carry the books out through a door on the ground floor that had a night latch. The books could be stored in the old gymnasium which was right beside the library and no longer used for anything. We figured that it would be quite a while before anyone would think to look in there, because everyone hated even to look at the dirty, dismal building, let alone to go near enough to peer through the windows. Our main problem was that with only four of us doing this job, it would take us at least two weeks to empty the building, and we were afraid that before we had completed our task someone would get suspicious and post guards around the building. However, we figured that we would just have to take our chances and get as much done as we could.

We started our work on March 12, when the semester was in full swing. It was decided that by taking every fifth book on the shelves, the books would not be missed so quickly as if we emptied out a whole section in one grand swoop. For two nights we worked thus without any mishap and apparently without arousing anyone's suspicions. The day after our third night, however, I noticed that the library pages were beginning to have rather haggard looks on their faces as they kept announcing that they couldn't find book such and such. The librarians were getting more and more annoyed with the pages and were constantly upbraiding them for being so careless when they put up the books. But to my relief I didn't hear any murmuring about the books being stolen.

By the end of one week we had removed well over half the books, and we figured that with luck we could be through in four more days. By this time it was pretty obvious that something fishy was going on, but no one knew exactly what. The F. B. I. came up and fingerprinted everyone. I never have figured out how they thought that was going to solve their problem, but at any rate, it created quite a stir on campus. A staff member was placed at every exit of the building to check the girls' I. D. cards and to make sure that they had checked out their books before they left the building. Extra bars were put on the windows, and a burglar alarm was even installed. If anyone had remembered that the building had a door that could be opened from the inside, though it was locked on the outside, it shouldn't have taken him long to figure out how it was being done. But this door was in a section of the library which was little used. Probably the only person besides us who knew about it was the janitor, and he had been fired immediately after the first few books were missed. The only reason that we knew about it was that Terry during her freshman year hadn't quite gotten over the Nancy Drew craze and suspected the library of harboring

a counterfeit machine. She had covered the entire building foot by foot and discovered that door, but no counterfeiting machine.

On the day after everybody was fingerprinted, the students suddenly began to realize what it was all about. They had known something was going on, but they weren't sure just what until several people came up from the stacks with alarming reports of how scimping the books on the shelves were beginning to look. The word began to get around that books were getting scarce in the library. One girl got up in the dining hall and made a stirring speech. In her speech she urged the students to do something to save their books before it was too late.

It was forbidden to make speeches in the dining hall, but since this was for such a noble cause, none of the counselors had the heart to stop her. However, they weren't quite prepared for the mad stampede from the dining hall to the library which followed. The students had one purpose in mind—to save those books.

In twenty-nine when the stock market crashed, everyone rushed to withdraw his money from the bank, so it was when these girls heard that books were getting scarce. They all rushed over to the library to withdraw the books while there were still some left. The library staff gave up all hope of maintaining any order and gave themselves up to standing in a corner moaning in dismay. In the psychological condition that these girls were in, they naturally were not going to take time to check out the books, or for that matter, even to notice what books they were running off with.

We had figured that it would have taken us four more days to finish our job. The student body of Lingley finished it in an hour. They made off with every book and magazine in the whole building. They even took the *Readers' Guide*, which was something that even we hadn't planned to do. One frantic fool rushed out with two drawers of the card catalogue, though what she thought she was going to do with them I can't imagine.

The terrible day of March 19 was the day when all the students panicked and mobbed the library demanding books. The terrible day of March 20 was the day when the faculty panicked and mobbed President Morgan's office demanding to know what was going to be done about getting the books back so classes could be resumed.

President Morgan issued a proclamation demanding that all the books taken from the library be returned immediately. Not a single book was returned. All the students were thoroughly convinced that if they relinquished their prized books, they would never again see them. For they realized that previous to the raid someone else had been stealing them. Each girl swung on to her books with the tenacity of a bull dog whose bone is threatened. The books were stored in the backs of closets, in dresser drawers, and under

mattresses where no house mother might see and thereupon confiscate them. One latecomer to the raid had to be content with five bound volumes of *Speculum* from 1931-1935 and six of the *Numismatic Scrapbook*, 1926-1932. These she eagerly read every night in secrecy in her closet after midnight.

The first excitement which we deliberately created having worn off, we began to wonder now just what was to come of this mad escapade of ours. Barbara suggested that we could use the knowledge of where the books were as a sort of means of blackmail. We could get many of the old rules which our grandmothers abhorred changed to more liberal ones by threatening the destruction of the books if the rules were not changed. We all agreed that this was an excellent plan and they nominated me to compose the threatening letter. After we all agreed on which rules we wanted changed, I put on gloves and wrote it with my left hand.

Dear President Morgan:

While the educational policy of Lingley has kept pace with the times, the social regulations are so outdated that even I, a grandparent, am shocked at the puritanical standards by which these girls are being brought up. Here are some changes in rules I *strongly* suggest be made.

1. Instead of having a room designated for smoking, girls should be allowed to smoke anywhere on campus except in chapel and the chemistry lab.

2. While the consumption of alcoholic beverages should not be encouraged, it should not be strictly forbidden. Girls who have written permission from parents should be allowed to drink so long as they use discretion and moderation.

3. Closing hours in the residence halls should be extended to 12 o'clock on week nights, with no closing hours on week ends, since it is often inconvenient for girls to meet these deadlines.

4. Last of all the ridiculous custom of students being required to stand when a professor enters the classroom should be abolished completely!

If you see it fitting that these rules be changed, then I will see it fitting to reveal the place where the stolen books are kept. These books will remain safely there for two more weeks. If however, after two weeks have elapsed and the rules are not in the process of being changed, the books will be

destroyed; for what is the use of a good education if the student are not prepared to meet life?

President Morgan must have been in pretty low spirits when he read that letter. Actually we were not so unscrupulous as that letter makes us sound. We had no intentions of blowing up or burning the books after two weeks, but we had to sound as if we meant business. Sooner or later someone would be bound to stumble across the missing books, and we only hoped that the president would take action before this happened.

A special committee was appointed to find the missing books, and a generous reward was offered to the one who found them first. With the books in such an obvious place we were sure that they would think to look in the old gym. But I suppose the fact that the gym was such a conspicuous place caused everyone to cease thinking of its existence. Then too the committee was soon put on the wrong track, and no one even went near the old gym.

It was a well-known fact that Mrs. Moore, head of the dining halls, was a bitter enemy of Miss Johnson, the head librarian. The committee then concluded that Mrs. Moore was behind the whole deal, and that her dining hall girls had helped her. Naturally the dining hall was too obvious a place to hide the books, for whoever had maneuvered this would be clever enough to pick some obscure place that would be hard to find, so a crew began searching around in the sewers near the dining hall. This made quite a mess. A lot of interesting things were found, but no books. Mrs. Moore realized that she was being suspected, but instead of being indignant, she was cynically amused. In fact she did everything she could to make her look even more suspicious. Because of her peculiar actions it was over a week before everyone was finally convinced of her innocence.

By this time President Morgan was pretty frantic. He made an alarming speech in assembly informing us that if the books weren't found within a week, they would never be found. He sounded so pathetic that I began to feel sorry for him. I was almost tempted to run up to him afterwards and tell him everything. But Terry must have read my mind, for she hissed into my ear, "If he finds out who did it, we are sunk! We are really doing the college a favor. Just think how much more liberal a place Lingley will be after all those rules are changed. Remember Machiavelli."

I repeated to myself that the end justifies the means for about ten times, and then walked out of the auditorium feeling like a noble philanthropist again.

Classes had completely stopped now. They had struggled on without the use of the library for a week, but after a week all the faculty agreed that it was useless to continue any longer until after the

(Continued On Page 22)

Light

Each year we bury childhood only deeper
Within the inner chambers of ourselves,
Heaving ourselves outward with each limb
Toward nothing but a losing of ourselves.

How is it we are made our other selves,
Warped by a world of having known too much?

The prudent Popes once dared to censure Greek:
The bold fig leaves still mar the marble statues.

The early church, a simple basilica,
Its beauty blurred by random-need-additions,
Is hid to all but to imagination

If house we be, why must we build our rooms
As though we had lost the blueprint of our days?

We stand in awkward posture, stuttering,
As if the playwright had forgotten the plot,
Allowing us to ramble at our lines
Toward nothing of a climax, act the fool.

Dear God, dear Father, unify our lives,
Direct us toward the finding of our being;
Let life become a likening to ourselves—

That when the evening come, and You retire,
Switching the T. V. off before You go,
The light which centers there so short a time
Be witness that we ever had our being—

The light conceived within an embryo.

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Her Lucy

Patricia loved her Lucy for no reason
(Much as she loved her doll, her dog, her grandpa)
But that she was her Lucy and no other,
So dark and dumpled like the cake she made.

Each day she watched her daddy leave the schoolyard
And watched the children climb into the busses:
“They’re going home to see their Lucys, Mama.”
“They have a mother to go home to, dear.”

Patricia played alone within the yard,
And sometimes harnessed to the pecan tree,
A rope around her middle—as a cow
Is held within its compass of a limit;
The highway seemed a perfect playing place.

The yard was not so perfect: clay and grass
She stuffed into a can into an oven—
And slipped, slicing her thumb down to the bone.
Her Lucy saw to that, kissing the thumb,
And snuffed the bleeding with the blue cobwebs.

Her Lucy showed her anger only once—
The new word that she learned from down the
street—
Two girls taught “Tricia Lucy was a “nigger.”

The day that Lucy left, Patricia cried.
Told that she might not kiss her Lucy’s face
She kissed her wet cheek through the back porch
screen.

Will cherish that blue scar upon her thumb
And wonder and the bond wrapped in a cobweb.

THERE WAS, not too long ago, yesterday in fact, a little girl fat in figure. She was not tall in feet and had hair not half so gold as a crown. Nevertheless, she will do for the purpose of our exposé. You see this lovely creature had one perfect curiosity about her that made her different from all the other people we know. Her eyes were not blue or green or brown. They were purple polka dot with yellow square eyeballs. And what I want to tell is an episode that happened to Polly, for her name was Polly.

One day Polly went out for a walk. It was on a country road that she took this walk, a country road with dust-laden mud puddles. Polly was taking this walk to see her mother, because her mother liked to see this walk. Her mother was at a free-from-children rest home for the duration of the summer. Polly kinda thought maybe her mother took this little vacation, so to speak, every summer, because her mother had spent all winter trying to kick up a new and different recipe for jello. Her first summer trip came after the winter in which the recipe for toadstool jello had turned into little tadpoles—her mother had gotten a hold of a frog instead of a toadstool.

Anyway, it happened that one day (one day and one day make today) this very day, as Polly was walking along this road—the road was hot and burned through her blue sneakers and socks, but she endured, you know persisted, kept on walking like all good girls do—until she came upon a giraffe. A giraffe with stripes cross-wise. Polly, adjusting her yellow square eyeballs looked down at the giraffe and said, “Most fair and righted-striped giraffe, for what scout you for, a pig most fat?”

“Why, no, you monstrous ugly creature. Purple you are and with yellow square eyeballs at that. I am looking for the one and only sznerf.”

“Sznerf?” asked Polly, crossing her eyes, squares and all. “What is that, you know, “que voulez-vous?”

“Oh, I’ll have a raspberry, thanks, and what will you have?”

“Don’t be so intelligent. What’s, who’s sznerf?”

“Come here, down to my best left ear and I’ll be for telling you right quick like.”

Polly moved up to the cotton-stuffed giraffe and stretched her ear to his. “What is, you tell me now, what sznerf is.”

“A sznerf,” said giraffe stretching his tongue, “is the fairy god-witch to whom all humans endow their smallest child.”

Polly lit up her candle and said, “A-ha, a-ho, I know. I think I know what you mean and whom you mean. She’s the one who grants us all our three never, never wishes that never come true.”

“She’s the one; she’s the two; she’s the three of it,” chanted giraffe in his stuffed voice box.

“We’re the ayes; we’re the no’s; we’re the mouth

A MODERN

of it,” agreed Polly. “But why are you looking for her, Sir Giraffe. Have you a never wish, you wish to get rid of?”

“Well, know the truth of it be, that I want her to promise to release me from my last never, never wish that came true. I wished I never would die and now I could cry, because I want to die?”

“Why fore O lovely-striped, jovely-striped giraffe wish yourself to die? Think you not our world hereafter worth the living in?”

Giraffe, he bent his neck sadly and cried, “Alas, no. What world, witch-bad can serve a make-believe mind to anything good, but the offer of a howling-long eternity?”

Polly nodded her head in disagreement and bubbled, “Gullible, galling, galling, guttering striped giraffe, you are speaking rudely of the eternity we all wish to live thus happily-sadly for; our bribed eternity.”

Giraffe, he looked most condescendingly gloomy at Polly and bursted forth like this, “Most maladjusted, Pol, pray tell upon what questeth thou vous, a love-dovey dove of a life?”

Polly squinched one of her yellow square eyeballs and asked, “If you’re so smart, giraffey boy, how you’re here out of your natural born recitation, that is to say, your brain?”

“I’m here, because that fool of a fairy-teller wants me here, ain’t that why you’re here?”

FAIRY TALE

by dure jo gillikin

"Yes, but I don't think you should have said that. It isn't quite fairyish of you, you know."

"Ole purple eyes, I guess I better go find god-witch or which god to see if I can change a few wished for wishes."

"I hope the gift-givers run out of ribbon, before they get to you Christmas,, you're so different and smart," satirized Polly.

"Goodbye, you purple goose, you; I hope you go to jell before your time."

"Oh dry up and evaporate into thin nothingness," irritated Polly said closing her brilliantly sparkling eyes.

And much to her unsurprise, Giraffe did just that.

And Polly, once upon a time, on one day continued her trip down the crusty road, dragging her feet behind her.

Awful soon as Polly progressed pilgrimagey toward her mother, she saw a big black cloud over the sun: it rolled and tumbled and stumbled on a sand tune and got up rubbing its eyes thusly saying, "Oh, I fear I shall cry: beastly, beastly, beastly."

And he did cry; but not beastly; he cried mud puddles full. Running over and up and down and through the puddles, Polly ran meltingly. "Oh," she wept, "I am desolving myself into a most jelly jell. O, god-witch, never let me, never let me desolve into a dusty mudhole, drifting airily on summer noontimes." Polly with her eyes affixed to all the corners

of the world as she ran saw coming from high greyish yonder a witch that lacked some sort of being a witch. Which witch do I mean? The fairy god-witch. That's which witch. The fairy god-witch had long hair, blonder than the moonbeams on crescent winter nights; she wore no black clothes, but clothes whiter than snow white and the seven dwarfs. Her teeth were all there and hers to boot. Her chin met not her nose and her skin wrinkled not a crinkle: God-witch looked at Polly all purple and melty and apologized in goddish manner, "Grrrr, you constrange looking critcher, you, how'd your frankenstein let you loose this morning? If you'd been in your pan like all yellow girls, you'd not be in this mess. Sorry, I caused it but my jaguar needed washing and ex-black cloud agreed to wash it."

"How'd you know I was jello girl; I'm not wearing my brand," rippled Polly in mudholey.

"My dear, Purly Pulpy dellow eyeballs, don't you know that I, the fairy god-witch, know-all . . ."

Screamed our most indignant Polly, "NO. NO. NO you're not pronouncing my name right, your monstress. It's Polly Purple Polka Dot with the yellow square eyeballs. Would'st thee back up and gas again?"

Witch blond, god-witch, leaned her best left elbow backward and said, "I concede mispronouncing. Next diacritical mark, Si vous play?"

"No, I don't play, see! What it is you stopped by for to see me," told little Miss Polly.

"It's like this. I have a good deed for to perform this fairish day and you are the person whom I am going to donate this wonderful, gluey gift."

"Meam?" quoth Polly.

"Yes, you'm, that's whom, whom I'm going to give this deed to."

"Well what is it?"

A crash of steel and a burst of pipes and a gurgling, giggling gash of water from the big black cloud collapsed into the mud hole with Polly.

"Alas, a well a day. What a well of water this has turned out to be," deluted Polly.

The witch-god got out and cranked up her jag and giggled off to the next fairy pond, calling over the back seat, "You'll see, it'll be the best-worst thing that ever happened to you"

And Polly, "Alas, I am undone," cried she, "and what is this sticky substance I find here with me?"

"It is I" said the Horse-glue.

"Horse-glue! Of all things. Why couldn't it be cement glue?"

"Don't complain so much, Polly, accept things as they are. Even if they are horse-glue and mudpud-dles."

"You are here for what destruction to me . . ."

"No destruction; only to punish you for your terribility . . ."

"My terribility? Why I'm the best jello ever stirred . . ."

"So you are, but you haven't quite putten yourself together as well as you might be put."

"How long is this condition to resist, that is pre-sist?"

"Til spring . . ."

"And til then?" bothered Polly rubbing her assorted yellow square eyeballs.

"You and I, we will stay together until something better thaws along."

Well, now, Polly and Horse-glué stayed there in that purple mess, moving with the winds and sands until winter threw off his hot water bottle and stuck his little toes into the mudhole. Polly quivered a little and felt solififying a little. "Glue," said Polly. "You're getting just too close for comfort. It would be better if you'd get yourself together and go."

"How can I go when I am part of you and always will be a part of you?" popped Horse-glué.

"Part of me, me and my yellow square eyeballs swimming all over the place completely disjointed. If only Winter would get his other toe out from under the cold water bottle I just might get myself back together, not chronologically, but it's better than this flagellant state at any rate."

"I agree perfectly with you," said Horse-glué moving closer to Polly, "but that would only unite us more, the two of us."

No sooner had these words been gurgled when suddenly there was heard a splash as the other winter toes came sticking through the thin layer of mud-ice hole.

"Hoorah," cried Polly shivering.

"Goody," sang the Horse-glué, "now our union will be complete."

Presently Winter got himself from under that water bottle completely and went for a swim in that great purple somewhat icy pond-puddle.

"How honored, how happy I am to feel your cold presence which in plain Polly language means, 'Glad to be of assistance,'" worshipped Polly.

"I always come to those who need me," said Winter, "though my breath seems chilly and my ways hard, they become a candy rock."

"Oh, you do icecubes of wonders for me, Winter, you make me feel alive."

Polly and Winter spent hard, icy nights together; every morning Winter kicked through the solid covering of the ice-mud hole and frosted the grounds. Polly put up with this for a while, but it angered her to be confined and hurt so that she said cracking her lips, "If you don't stop kicking me every morning I'm going to melt myself."

Winter, he too, was exhausted from the ordeal, brrrrrred an answer like this: "You can't melt, 'til I leave and you know it; but if you want freedom from confinity, all right with me, Bye Pol. Bye."

So Winter left Polly who later wept, because she missed his icy touch. Yet, the melting time came with the sun and Polly thawed in happiness, for she was going to have a granddaughter to show her mother when at last she did get to the end of this

sand-ravel fairy tale, alas, if there be an end to it all.

To continue with this once upon a time—Spring came zigzagging her way from green grassy patch to pink wild flower and loosened Polly up.

Another day after Spring had done its beautiful duty, a traveler came by carrying a shoulder in one hand and a bucket in the other—whups! She was carrying a shovel over one shoulder and a bucket in her hand. Polly on seeing the approacher, shook and bounced, but she needn't have done it. Anybody, just anybody, would have noticed a mudhole full of purple jello with fruit cocktail—just anybody. Well this just anybody noticed Polly, of course, and came over to see what it was exactly. This woman-approacher was named Janquil. Janquil stared at Polly a while and punched her with her foot and sniffed the air and finally decided: "Sure enough, it's jello, grape jello with fruit cocktail. And here I'd been wondering all day what I was going to feed those hungry people up at the lodge. Janquil pushed the spade into the mudpuddle and lifted part of Polly out of the hole and placed her in the bucket. Polly shook all over and tried desperately to tell Janquil that she wanted to go see her mother, she had to go see her mother; her mother hadn't seen her all year. Please don't take me away, unless you take me there. But Janquil couldn't understand jello language and continued loading Polly slice by slice into the bucket. Polly had a time locating her yellow square eyeballs, not to mention her new possession, but it was there, just as red as a rose, only it was a Berry. Berry was her name; her mother's granddaughter's name. Polly let herself go and rode in the bucket with Janquil.

Later that afternoon about six of the sun, Polly bucketed up to the kitchen. She heard Janquil saying: "Now you fellers there, you come right here and help me unload this prize surprise, I've got for dessert tonight. The best you ever did see." All these little alligators swarmed around and carried Polly off section by section to the dining hall.

And Polly cried: "O woe is me. I'm not me any more. I am many mess with one Berry for a daughter and she gone I know not where. O Fairy God-witch, spare my daughter." Polly felt herself's tears rolling down her cheek and feeling clammy.

Still they carried her in saucers and set her down before people sitting there with spoons in their mouths and crying, "Bring on the dessert! Bring on that luscious purple dessert."

The part of Polly that was Polly, the heart and soul section of the jello was passed around the wooden table and Polly looked up into all those leering, jeering eyes and sighed, "O me O my, what a fine jello am I to die without showing my darling daughter Berry to my mother, my." And the eyes, hungry and thirsty, stared down at her. Some eyes warm and merry; others hurt and blurry. Polly saw one eye at last that looked familiar, because it had a small brownish square above the better part of the pupil. "Could

(Continued On Page 23)

poem

by June Cope

I ran down to the water
As the salt flavored child
Fell under, and rolled over, and fell under again,
His bubbled cry slitting my nerves.
And my feet stumbled through the soft suck of dead
 beach,
'Til I half fell, half flew
Into the wallowing water.

I found a slimy hand, a foot,
A rough red suit,
And swung him up with the sway of the sea,
Holding him high and close
As he pouted and kicked,
Stretching his hands to the teasing, biting, water.
His eyes were blank, with the emptiness of innocence,
And his face was a smile to chill.

I watched the sea
Which growled at me,
Baring its white, jagged teeth,
And quickly hiding them,
Caressing, and softly holding my body,
Coaxing, teasing me outward.

I didn't know the stranger's child
I half dragged, half carried, screaming, to shore.
A flock of people, like frightened hens,
Clucked, and ran to peck him from my arms.
And he laughed, and coughed, and spit out salt with
 attention.

I hurried back to the taunting, laughing water,
Hating the slow and sensuous curving waves,
Hating the peevish, unused face with the bright,
 blank eyes.
But of all I hated,
I hated most
The pallid, lumpy, fright soiled face,
And the dog-dumb eyes of the mother.

poem

by
June Cope

He waited by the open window
Staring out,
His hands clenching the sill,
His long white hands
With the long white nails.

He gazed with half veiled eyes
Into the street,
Flicking his tongue
Across dry lips,
Watching the man . . .
The tall young man
Standing by the lamp post.

He ran a hand across his cheek,
A soft, pale cheek
Faintly blued by beard,
As his eyes drew those of the man
. . . The strong young man.

He flicked his tongue across dry lips,
. . . And waited.

by
Carolyn
Harris





by
Jo Couch

poem

Parallel bars across a blank window
Making purple shadows float down a crooked angle.
Silhouette silvered against a pale reflection.

The growling moon opens a toothless mouth
And snaps slivered phrases to an expectant earth—
Pointed verses together spin a tale.

Silhouette stretches—curling in, out,
Listening with an uncocked ear,
Tries to slide through the striped barrier.

Angry, snarls; hunched razor-back bristled rises;
Stretching a silvered claw, pirouettes to tip-paw.
Pointed eyes staring at the teasing moon.

Bars part! A sudden angry thrust
Sends flying bits of paper moon—
Silhouette no longer silhouetted
Stands tawny in defiant air.

by
Betty Shuford

William Goyen

GHOST AND

*Editors Note: Mr. Goyen will be on campus
March 16-17 for the Arts Festival.*

AMONG the distinguished writers who will be on campus during the Arts Festival Writing Program—March 16 and 17—will be William Goyen, a young Texan whose first book *The House of Breath*, received very good reviews. His latest, a collection of short stories, has also been well-received.

Ghost and Flesh is an unusual book. Its connecting theme is life and death—and the lives of those who seem to be or ought to be dead. There is an old man who brings death and is caught up in it himself; there is the twisted and ugly child who seems to be a hideous apparition, a goblin, to the Royal Princess of the May Day fete; there is a man who is haunted by a ghostly light and by his dead wife and unborn child—and who in turn is apart from the world, roaming like a spirit seeking rest; and there are two old women, each seeking a something of their own desiring, and becoming “ghosts” until both had a turn at pretending and until they and the third woman no longer pretended but were dead. The dead are here, and the living, and the living dead, who have no place in either world. It is the conscious and the sub-conscious, the flesh and the something beneath it—the ghost—that motivate the living and the dead.

Mr. Goyen’s style ranges from a very natural to a finely interwoven prose that retains its common touch but becomes allegorical in tone and feeling. The style follows the tale and speaks as the people might have spoken if they had lived next door—or it is written not as a tale but as a life that is not lived, except in the fancies of the mind—yet a life that is of realness, if not a part of realness. And even this reaches back to hold a bit of the sense of a tale. One style is that of a man who enjoys sitting by the fire and spinning his stories—but this man has a knack for the unusual, not in the O. Henry sense, but as a logical, though unexpected, climax. The other style is the writer who has a feeling for poetry and a sense of the spell of words. However, his best stories are in the former style.

The White Rooster is one of the best—and decidedly his most popular. A scrawny, wild white rooster becomes the symbol of hope and life for an old man who is confined to his wheelchair and is dependent on his son’s family for the few years left to him. To Marcy, his son’s wife, he is a burden and a constant plague, even as the rooster which crows tormentingly and eludes her in her efforts to silence him. It is a battle, a battle between the old man and the wife, and the rooster is the battlefield. He is a symbol for each—of the old man who annoys but cannot be touched—of freedom and independence even in dependence. The husband is merely a man affected by but not affecting the circumstances. He watches quietly, never seeing the significance of the events.

Marcy accepts the rooster as the symbol of the old man, but the rooster is something that can be killed without any concern for consequences—all the pent-up hate and magnified difficulties that are within her can be vented on the rooster, but never on the old man. The rooster is the outlet for her emotions and her only stabilizing force. To maintain her balance mentally she must kill the rooster—and this idea obsesses her until it becomes a part of her, as such a part of her as the old man who, in turn, vents his feelings of hurt pride and self-defense on her.

To the old man, the rooster is himself, and as long as the rooster lives, he has some semblance of pride, some feeling of superiority. If Marcy succeeds in trapping and killing the bird, something within him will also die.

Marcy does capture it once, only to find that ordinary methods are unsuccessful. This is the main turning point, as we are taught in Freshman English. Henceforth there is mounting tension between the two, the old man and the woman. The son remains aloof, yet upon him falls the consequences—his is the heritage of the white rooster. He builds the trap that even the elusive white rooster cannot evade. To save it and himself, the old man stabs Marcy in the throat as the trap is set into motion for the rain-be-

FLESH

dragged, yet proud and defiant white (if a wee bit muddy) rooster. In his wild glee at the symbol's deliverance, the old man flies about the house creating havoc as he destroys reminders of Marcy. And the son and husband, summoned home to kill the trapped rooster finds his wife stabbed, the trap empty, and his father dead from a coughing paroxym that burst an artery in his throat—a spell that Marcy might have ended (as before) with water, if she were not dead in her seat by the window. The future of the husband is terrifying, for the burden of memory that is his.

Mr. Goyen has prepared this story very well. There is a logical sequence of events, with each new phase carefully planned for without premature betrayal. The structure is as exact as that of a ladder—one rung leading to the next and the whole supported by a firm foundation. He has used a common situation—the invalid father living with his child's family—and has added unique ideas to achieve a true masterpiece. The point of view remains mostly with Marcy, but even in presenting her feelings, directs the reader to an objective view of the situation in the family. The style is Marcy's and her neighbor's and the old man's, but it is also Goyen who speaks, quite unobtrusively, when his characters feel, but cannot express it, even in thoughts. He is ever-present, ever-guiding, but never an interruption in the progress of the story. But so much for *The White Rooster*. It must be read, not reviewed, to be properly appreciated.

The Grasshopper's Burden is another of the best stories. It is another situation with which most readers are familiar, but it is taken from a new point of focus. The reader first meets Quella, whose character and viewpoints are firmly established—a girl in school, not yet a teenager, yet not still a child. She is well-handled by the author, as if he had known her well and long. She is what I recall about that age, in myself, in other students, in the adults—the faculty—about me. Her thoughts and actions are perfect.

The grasshopper is another child—George—who is

deformed and twisted, not responsible for his shape, but becoming a product of it. He is the butt of jokes, he is frightening to the girls (who are frightened because it is an age at which they must react thus, at which they must denounce something or become excited, or run with shrill cries in imagined fear,) It is the unconscious cruelty of children, that is malicious only because it is from a source not understood. And George is the goblin, the poor grasshopper who must carry the burden of his twisted body—who seeks friendship, but is hurt and tormented and misunderstood. He is almost a half-soul, that feels and thinks and cannot understand why he cannot speak distinctly, why he cannot be an ordinary student, a part of the school, rather than an oddity that must be educated to the age of sixteen because of state laws. It is almost Beauty and the Beast (for Quella is in the May Day Fete as a Royal Princess), but the beast is a real one that is never loved by the princess and will never never become the handsome prince in the castle garden—as if a witch had made him a beast and absentmindedly forgot to make him a prince too.

The conflict is between Quella's dramatic imaginings about George and his haunting her—a part of the excitement so necessary at that age—and George's attempts to belong. The paragraph on George's reasoning of the wreckage in his mind is one of the most effectively written sequences I have read in some time, a superb indication of Goyen's perceptions and knowledge of feelings.

As George strives to become a part of the school and as Quella magnifies his actions and the "fire" to a dramatic pitch, each becomes a part of the other. Quella will not forget George completely, and when she is older and understands, she will be ashamed and pretend many things, but she will not forget. And George is becoming deeply marked by his form and treatment; he must be King of the May and a natural student while the school children are outside for a fire drill.

It is a striking story and an unforgettable one. The school is the world of a child, and his life is shaped and developed by his contacts and experiences in the building that is like a skull, waiting. Every detail is well realized and developed, and the impressions are excellent. The point of view shifting from Quella to George briefly is rather abrupt, but is not wholly out of perspective. The style is the confused grammar and structure of a child whose mind skips and wanders and piles thought on thought, despite years of syntax in English Grammar. It is a well known world and becomes vivid once more as the familiar objects and behavior fall into the old pattern.

(Continued On Page 23)

by
Mary Philbeck

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And the people said, "Tell us, Sir, What Is Life?"

And he answered them patiently, "Each man must ask himself: What Is Life? and when he has honestly separated the things which create Life from the things which destroy Life, he then understands What Life Is and What Life Is Not.

And the people said, "Tell us, then, What Life Is Not.

And the man answered them saying

Life is not merely $E=Mc^2$

Nor is Life simply the evolutionary survival of the fittest

Nor is Life the aftermath of a forbidden apple mistimely eaten

Nor is Life an inconvenient but necessary passport to the New Jerusalem

Nor is Life a farce played by the best comedians for the entertainment of the masses

Nor is Life a satirical tragedy penned by a cruel, revengeful Playwright

Nor is Life the subtle siren call of faraway places

Nor is Life secretly and sacredly hidden in the poem which cannot be understood, the painting which cannot be identified, the song which cannot be enjoyed . . .

And when he had finished speaking, the people arose and some of them went into the factories to build, and some into the fields to till, and some into the streets to sell, and some into the market places to buy, and some into the schools to teach, and some into the highways to travel, and some into the wildernesses to wander

But the minister sat down beside the pulpit and tried to understand what he had told the people.

Death Of The Embryo

by
**Martha
Moore**

The embryo died, flushed from dark to dark,
Washed white, etched with blue by red, warm red;
Its claws clutching, relaxing, stiffening,
Becoming tendrils of cartilage;
Its hollow eyes, having seen nothing,
As blanks as if they had seen everything;;
Nameless, sexless, neither good nor bad,
Its first, its only identity—death.
Its mother, its incubated shell, broke
Into jagged, egg-white pieces.
She was emptied, drained of fluid movements.
The heartbeat, deep, round, like felt hammers
On kettle drums, had rolled, faded, stopped.
The still, vacant walls moaned and closed,
Virgin walls again, lonely, waiting.
Its father breathed spoonfuls of air to fill
The inside of him, the crowded, packed inside
Once spilled of all its living force and stirred
Into this nothing, this everything that is dead.
Noiselessly he entered the waiting plush,
Buried himself in its warm, moist sweetness,
Draining it of all its food and its strength,
Like the embryo, never to be delivered.

THE APPLE

Ah, the apple is good.
It is ripe, red, tender.
It has been hanging here
Ready for picking.

The meat of it is white,
Very sweet and almost pure.
There are blemishes——
Only on the surface.

by Jan Wood

Shall I pick it now
Before the sun has killed its twang?
Or leave it there to drop,
Shriveled and tasteless
To the ground
Like the mass of other apples
I forgot to pick.

CONFESSION

Lame bird
Just shot;
Pulled the trigger
That's what did it, you know.

Looks pretty there on the field
Red feathers; yellow
Funny, never noticed them before.

Movement.
Lame bird
Fluttering that last will to live
Eating that last dusty grain.

by Mary Taylor Batten

Had to shoot it.
Eats corn; eats peanuts;
Lame now though
Own fault.
Makes the old gun feel sorry.

THE LIBRARY looked like a goldfish bowl in the bottled green light. Students' faces flattened against the glass doors peered in, inquiring and grotesque. Inside students with green faces moved, steps muted, among the green shelves. Amy sat down at one of the kidneybean-shaped tables and opened her geometry book. Drawing all her thoughts in, she tried to concentrate on the Pythagorean Theorem, but the lunch-time noises invaded her island of silence and the words marching across the page meant nothing.

In the hall they were laughing. She could see their indiscriminate faces lining the walls as they waited for the bell to ring. During her two months at Haverhill, the faces had remained the same, each indistinguishable, each hostile and distant. When she walked through the halls, they watched her as if she were branded. She *was* branded: by her strange ideas and by her silence. If she could climb that barrier of silence and explain to them, walk out into that circus and smile . . . she would walk out . . . now. She opened the door. In that crowd of faces she saw one face that was familiar, one face with a name . . . Mary Ellen Meeker, a pretty girl, a popular name, Amy smiled. Mary Ellen Meeker walked toward her. Behind her girls moved together like scissors blades from the sides of the hall until they were all facing Amy, blocking her path. Amazing! Just one smile. What could she say to them?

Then as she was about to speak, Mary Ellen and the others fell to their knees and bowed to the floor. Raising her hands Mary Ellen chanted, "Praise be to Allah! Praise, O mighty one!" The girls screamed, the watchers moved in greedily from the walls, laughing.

Amy slipped indifference about her and stepped over Mary Ellen Meeker. The other girls scrambled to clear a path for her, then closed in behind her as she went, laughing as they followed her down the hall.

"Stretch out a hand to me, just one of you, stretch out a hand to me," Amy prayed, but they laughed, every face of them and turned away.

Pursued by devils she fled down the hall to her locker where she buried her head in her books.

The house she lived in was yellow and too tall for its width so that it seemed forever on the verge of tumbling over. The long porch roof sat like a brow over the downstairs windows where geraniums grew

in clay pots. Amy climbed the outside stairs to the third floor apartment which she shared with her mother.

In the living room a cigarette was burning in an ashtray. Her mother was already home.

"Is that you, Amy?"

"Um hmm."

"Have a nice day?"

"Ummmmm."

"That's good. Want to come zip me up? . . . Thanks. My, what a solemn face we have today. Can't be as bad as all that. Cheer up . . . Fred's driving me to Charleston to window-shop. Anything you want me to bring you? . . . I've left some things in the ice box for you when you get hungry . . . Got a date tonight?"

"Nope."

"Not going out with Al? I hate to leave you here all by yourself . . . It's so lonesome. Do you really mind, Amy? . . . Amy . . . You *are* quiet tonight. Is something wrong, baby?"

"Mama, can't we move? Can't we go back to Charleston or someplace?"

"Move! What put that into your head? Why, Amy, we're so happy here. I have a good job, a nice apartment. We can't just take off like the wind. Did you have a quarrel with Al? No? You'll have to bring him by and introduce him sometime. He sounds like such a nice boy . . . Hand me my brush please . . . Why this sudden urge to leave Haverhill?"

"I just hate it here. It's so ugly and dirty and the people are so unfriendly. I hate it."

"My poor child, why didn't you tell me before? But what can I do, baby? I can't give up my job, our apartment. Amy, I've talked to you just like a sister, explained to you why I had to leave Charleston . .

please try to understand . . . You're not happy. What can I do to make you happy? Why don't you come with Fred and me tonight. Would you like that?"

"No, mama. It's all right. It was just an idea."

"You're sure now, Amy? We'll talk about it in the morning. I wish you would come . . . uh uh? Well, don't worry your pretty head then. Everything will straighten out. Give it time . . . Hand me my gloves please. There! There's a kiss for you. Don't stay up too late. We'll have a chat at breakfast. Bye bye."

She was gone. Amy listened to the thin crack of her heels on the icy stairs. Thirty-six, thirty-seven,

GROWTH

thirty-eight . . . that was all . . . thirty-eight steps and she was gone.

In the kitchen Amy found peanut butter and spread some crackers. Her mother had left sliced ham and cheese in the ice box and coconut cake on the table. She ate hungrily, surprised at the emptiness inside her, until the food repelled her. Then she put on her coat and went out.

The wind, rising as evening came on, swept her along the channel of the street past where the houses slipped into town, to the sidewalks of the shopping district where the hum of the crowds drowned for a moment her loneliness. Here were people in a hurry, people with a purpose, trying to finish shopping before the stores closed. The stores smelled of new cloth and people. Along the middle of Chestnut Street a Salvation Army corps pleaded for contributions. A man wearing gold-rimmed spectacles caught Amy by the arm.

"Hey, sis, you look like you got a good heart. How about giving something to a worthy cause. Whatever you feel you can give. Everything helps. Come on, share your good luck with some poor devil this Christmas. What'll you give?"

Amy shook her head and walked on. Behind her Gold-spectacles was saying, "Hey, mister, yes, you. How about giving . . ."

Your good luck. Share your good luck.

The shops, expansive in prosperity, were gay-tinselled for Christmas. Stetner's, Ma Jolie, the Gifte Shoppe, Meeker's . . . Meeker's Jewelry Gems of High Quality at Low Prices . . . Mary Ellen, a gem? Black onyx, maybe. Cheap, though. More like the huge fake sapphire glittering in the window.

Beside Meeker's she turned out of the stream of people into a side street, a street smelling of varnish and leather, of seed sprouting in bins and dry feeds for livestock. The buildings here were colorless, bricks greyed by breathing in through decades the varnish fumes, the mealy dust from cracked wheat. In front of the stores men in overalls were waiting silently for something to happen. She could feel their eyes following her down the street.

She hesitated for a minute, then turned into a narrow door between a seed store and a hardware store. The door opened immediately on a flight of stairs going straight up in one narrow row to a door from which daylight beamed thinly into the darkness. The steps were matted in material of a color indistinguishable in the dim light and littered with cigarette butts and chewing gum wrappers. Amy went up the steps pulling herself along on the splint-ered railing.

"A. L. Chard" was printed in a bow across the door and underneath "Attorney at Law." Amy opened the door without knocking and went in. Chard was alone in the office, sitting at his desk with his arms encompassing a pile of papers.

"Why, Amy, honey," he said, "What's the matter?"

"I was lonesome . . . wanted someone to talk to."

"Well, talk away, then. Here, have a chair." He raked a pile of newspapers from the chair to the floor. "It's sort of rickety but I think it'll hold you up."

"Now I haven't got anything to say."

"Well, this is a fine state of affairs."

She walked to the window and looked out. Across the parking lot the fashionable shops turned their backs on this dingy building. The shops had no shiny glass on this side, no tinsel or carefully thrown down merchandise. The brick walls, blackened by an ancient fire, were heaped with broken crates and rubbish.

"I know," Chard said, "It's ugly as homemade sin. I hate it, too. But I'll not always be here, Amy. Look over Stetner's there. See the Pettico Building? I'll be over there one of these days. Have an office facing the park. You'll like that, won't you, hon?"

She turned and studied his face, so kind, so kind. She felt all the emptiness inside her filling up with tears.

"At school they hate me," she said. "They make fun of me. Today they made fun of me."

"Yes, yes, they would. How can you expect them to know about someone like you? They resent you. But they don't matter, Amy. You just grew up ahead of them. You'll always be ahead of them. Don't try to hold yourself down to them. Be glad of your good luck."

Good luck. Share your good luck.

"Why don't you come out to the house for supper?" Chard said, putting on his coat. "I have some books for you." He laughed and picked up the phone. "Want to tell Mama you're out with the captain of the football team?"

"She's not home."

"Well, let's go then."

He took her arm and steered her down the dark narrow stairs and into the street. A few small, starry flakes landed on the dark sleeve of her coat.

"Snow! It's going to snow!"

"Well, what do you know about that?"

Leaning against the wind, they turned toward Chestnut Street.

Supper at the Chards was a ritual. His mother presided, moving back and forth in her apron from kitchen to table, urging seconds on everyone. Since her husband had died, she had two things left, her son and her cooking. At supper she brought them together.

The food was good, flavored with that flavor peculiar to itself which cannot be duplicated from one cook to another. Supper took a long time; no one was in a hurry. Afterwards Mrs. Chard insisted that Amy let her do the dishes and with a little persuasion Amy gave in. She and Chard went into the living room where a fire was blazing on the hearth.

"Have a chair, Amy," he said, pulling up a big armchair slipcovered in material on which purple roses grew. The other furniture was unmatched,

incongruous, but it fitted. The room seemed extraordinarily well put together.

"Amy, you're going to look like your mother, I believe. Let's see you're a sophomore now aren't you? You know, when I was your age I had a terrific crush on your Mother. She was homecoming queen . . . wore sort of a gold dress. I guess all of us were in love with her."

"It seems funny to think about you and Mamma being in school together. I mean, you seem so young."

"Well, thanks anyway, but I'm not so young, Amy, younger than your mother, maybe, but not so young. Old enough to see things slipping away from me before I've ever really caught them. It's pretty horrible to go through life missing things by an inch, Amy."

"Yes, yes, I know just what you mean."

Mrs. Chard came in, drying her hands on her apron and smelling of TIDE. "What are you two confabulating about?" she said.

"Just talking a lot of nonsense," Chard said.

"You know it's so nice here," Amy said. "It feels like home."

"Well, you know where we live and the door's never locked," Mrs. Chard said.

"I'm glad you feel at home here, Amy." Chard said. "I hope you'll come often."

Amy turned and looked into the fire which sent torches of flame up the chimney. Once she had seen a drawing from the French Revolution, a guillotine scene. The faces of the knitting women were grave, even somber, but the heads lolling on the ground laughed. She saw again the faces from the morning, Mary Ellen Meeker, the others, grinning from the school floor disembodied.

"You know what you were saying about missing things?" she said turning to Chard. "What do you do to keep from missing things?"

"Why, mostly you reach out and grab them," Mrs. Chard said.

"You're right, Mother. I think that's the important thing, Amy, to just go ahead and do the things you want to do. Sometimes you talk and talk or you wait and while you're talking and waiting life drags behind like a thread caught on the sole of your shoe. You have to do something about it. Why, just this week I have written a letter which may change my whole life."

"Your whole life?" Amy said.

"Yes, yes, my whole life. I haven't mailed it yet, but I will in the morning."

"Let me know when this big event comes off," Mrs. Chard said.

"You'll be the first to know, Mother . . . I must sound like a fool, but it's just because this is so important to me."

"Do you hear a car?" Mrs. Chard said. "I was sure I heard a car pulling up in the driveway."

"Me, too," Amy said.

"Maybe someone having trouble on these icy roads tonight. I'll go see," Chard said.

He left the two of them sitting there, the old one, the young one, holding the silence between them.

"You must be terribly proud of him," Amy said, wearied with the silence.

"Hmmm? oh, yes, yes, he's a good son. Who do you suppose is out there? It's such a bad night to be out?"

"It is. I'm sort of worried about Mother. She went to Charleston this evening."

"Listen, someone is coming in."

They heard the front door slam, driven by the wind; then the sound of heels snapping against the hall floor.

"It's Mama." Amy said.

"Hello, Mrs. Chard. And Amy, too," her mother said. "It's so cold out. Oh, I'm nearly frozen."

"I'll make some coffee," Mrs. Chard said.

"Oh, thank you. I'm so cold."

"Where's Fred?" Amy asked.

"He's helping Art put the chains on the car. They'll be in in a minute. How good the fire feels . . . Amy, what are you doing here?"

"They asked me over for supper."

"Why, how nice of Mrs. Chard. How did she know you were there alone? I'm so glad she had you come over . . . all this snow and everything. Oh, here's the coffee, thank you so much."

"It's pretty rough out tonight," Mrs. Chard said.

"Yes, it really is. Well, here are our men."

The two of them came in together, snow-blown and rubbing their fingers. They stood in front of the fire. Amy could smell the coldness on their clothes melting away in the warm room.

"Have some coffee, both of you," Mrs. Chard said.

"Thanks, Mrs. Chard," Fred said. They all laughed as he jiggled the hot cup in his frost-bitten fingers.

"How pleasant an open fire is!" Amy's mother said.

"Especially if you have a furnace to heat the house," Mrs. Chard said. "What were you two doing out in weather like this anyway?"

"Well, we were going into Charleston, but the snow got so thick we decided to come back and go next week. You should have seen it. We couldn't see the road. Well, about two miles out of town we slid off the road, that road was slick as glass. We sat there and sat there and then . . ."

"Then a farmer came along and pulled us out with a tractor," Fred said. "Never deny that the farmer is the backbone of the nation."

"Then we decided to come by here and borrow some chains before we tried that hill below the house. Art, you've been just as good as gold. And Mrs. Chard, you don't know how much I appreciate your inviting Amy to supper."

"We were glad to have her," Mrs. Chard said. "Won't someone have some more coffee?"

"No, no, we have to go before the roads get any worse. But there's something . . . while everyone's here . . . Amy and our friends . . . There's something we want to say. Fred and I are going to be married!"

"But Mama, why mama, when did you decide?"

"Tonight . . . well . . . yes, tonight definitely."

"Well, of all things," Mrs. Chard said.

"I'm real glad for you, Mama."

"And for you, too, baby. For you, too."

"Why, this is . . . this is . . . just wonderful," Chard said. "Fred, I suppose you should be congratulated. This is just wonderful."

"Who would have thought it," Mrs. Chard said.

"Mother, aren't you going to wish them happiness?"

"Yes, oh, yes. I hope you'll be very happy."

The group stood there before the fire close together so that their arms were touching, warming themselves on good wishes, but Amy, who was closest to the fire, shivered. They might be any group, these people. They had slipped out of themselves into politeness. But the wishes became warmer, the thanks more fervent even as each person retreated into himself. The chairs, more familiar now than the faces, waited for them to sit again.

"I'm just so happy . . . Amy, you'll have to help me plan everything . . . I hate to leave, but we have to go before the weather gets any worse."

"I'll bring the car around to the front porch," Fred said.

"I'll turn on the light out back for you," Mrs. Chard said.

"Don't forget to get the books before you go, Amy," Chard said. "I stacked them on my desk."

"I'll get them now."

She went into the library. As she closed the door, she heard Chard say, "I have something to tell you, Susan . . . right away." She leaned against the door, listening, listening as their voices strained through the door.

"First let me thank you for everything," her mother said. "You've been just marvelous . . . just marvelous . . . arranging the divorce, finding my job here, my apartment. It's just unbelievable. I'm so happy . . ."

"Susan . . ."

"No, I haven't finished I have something else to tell you. We're going back to Charleston. Don't think I'm ungrateful. It's for Amy. Fred and I agreed on it. She's been so unsettled here. We'll take her back to her friends. Fred has had a good offer from a business there, so everything is working out. And it's not as if Haverhill meant so much to me. All the people we knew are gone . . . all the old friends . . . new people moved in . . . settled in their ways . . . the Meekers, the Coats . . . we're outside of it. In Charleston there'll be shopping, and without a job I'll have lots of time . . . time for parties, for a garden. I've always wanted a formal garden like the one the Privattes used to have on Chestnut Street. Oh, I'm looking forward to it."

"That's wonderful, Susan, but . . ."

"No, wait, there was something else . . . oh, yes

. . . Amy . . . I want to thank you for taking her under your wing. I can see that she's been here before. It's wonderful of you to take time for her, but why didn't you tell me? Surely you didn't think I'd object."

"It's not that. Amy was shy about telling you for some reason and I didn't want to force her. Besides I had an ulterior motive . . . after all, the daughter of an old friend, a well-loved friend . . ."

"We appreciate your friendship, Art. I hope you'll come to see us in Charleston, both you and your mother."

Fred came into the hall stamping his feet and laughing. "About ready to go?" he called. "The buggy's waiting." Amy's mother went out to him.

Amy picked up the books and went into the living room. Chard picked a letter from among those lying on the table. He stood looking at it for a minute, then tossed it into the fire.

"Your whole life!" Amy whispered.

He said nothing.

"I'll bring back the books when I finish."

"There's no hurry."

"We'll be leaving soon. I heard Mama say we're going to Charleston."

"Yes."

"How can you expect them to understand! How can you expect them to understand!"

"Are you coming, Amy?" her mother called from the hall.

"Uh huh . . . Good luck Mr. Chard."

"Thank you, Amy. Good luck to you."

They drove past the white-sheeted yards in warm silence, all of them damp and sleepy in the steaming car. When they stopped before the tumbling house, Amy jumped out and ran through the spinning snow. Up the icy stairs she went, holding to the rail to keep from falling. Thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight . . . then the door.

She walked through the rooms, empty of memories . . . the rooms that turned their backs on her as soon as she had passed through. But they didn't matter . . . they didn't matter.

"We're going to Charleston," she said.

The rooms echoed back, "Charleston."

CRASH OF '55

(Continued From Page 5)

books were returned. But instead of allowing the students to go home, they kept them on campus in order that we might continue searching for the books. All campus activity had stopped, and we were going mad with nothing to do. I once even thought of telling where the books were just to stir life again into the college and have the pleasure of collecting the reward. But it was a noble cause that we were working for, and I was ashamed of my impatience.

The day after the president's speech the board of trustees arrived to discuss the present crisis. The ques-

tion was whether to adopt the new rules and hope that the books would be recovered, or whether to let things remain as they were and hope that the books would be found before the end of the week. Most of them were horrified that anyone would even want to have Lingley changed, for it was perfect the way it was. The board members were divided in their opinion as to what to do. Some felt that the library was the most important thing on campus. They said that though they were extremely loath to change the rules, they must at all cost see to it that the books were saved. Others said that valuable as the books were, it was the tradition that was holding the college together. While it would take only a few years to build back a library, they would never be able to revive the old spirit if it were changed. From the information which I got from a friend of mine whose mother was on the board of trustees, it was evident that though the debate would be long, the traditionalists would win.

By preferring to sacrifice the library to save the old tradition, the old tradition would be more firmly established than ever before. Eventually all the rules of the college would be modernized anyway. But if this sacrifice were to be made now for the old rules, they would never be changed. Liberalism would be defeated forever. The only thing that we could possibly do now to save it was to tell where the books were before the matter was voted upon.

I wrote a letter to President Morgan and revealed the hiding place of the books. When the news got out, everyone was overjoyed—everyone that is except the students. They were still hoping for a change in rules. In my extreme haste to get the letter off before it was too late, I forgot and wrote with my right hand using my natural handwriting. Now I was in danger of being caught. To throw everyone off the track I volunteered to organize a committee to help carry the books back and to replace them on the shelves. This did throw everyone off. In fact President Morgan even commended my noble actions in the next chapel. I was so highly thought of then that I was nominated for president of student government. I, a complete revolutionary, was now firmly established as a loyal "Lingleyite". This was my crowning defeat and more than I could bear. The next year I transferred to the state university.

* * * *

I should be very happy here now. It is an extremely liberal college with all the rules in effect that I was fighting for at Lingley. Almost everyone here is a revolutionary, and what fun is there in being revolutionary when you are in the majority? Whenever I do shocking things, no one is shocked. I suppose that I will have to join the few conservatives that there are here. That would certainly shock everyone. I might even start fighting for reforms, like having it made illegal for co-eds to smoke.

MODERN FAIRY TALE

(Continued From Page 10)

it be possibly, possibly be at all that this is the rest home for mothers to rest from children free?"

And then that one eye caught Polly's and wept freely joyfully, "Polly, oh Polly, how glad am I to see you. But how came you in such sad shape, so jelly and all. When I left you were a hardy girl with all your eyes squared to four but now you are many more than four."

"Poor mother, dear, much has happened to me, since I started out on this journey, you for to see and such came by as a giraffe looking not for eternity, the fairy god-witch who desolved me into a mud-puddle purple mess, leaving me with horse-glue who kept me together. Winter came and made me happy and left me with my darling Berry who passes down the tables here."

"You are still yourself, Pol, and that's what matters. This death you have to die, is only jello. Who knows tomorrow you may be human."



BOOK REVIEW

(Continued From Page 15)

The Nest in the Stone Image and The Letter in the Cedarchest are two more of the better stories. *Pore Perrie* and *The Children of Old Somebody* are not as well done, in my opinion—yet are still rather good stories. The final story, *A Shape of Light* is complex and interesting, one I want to reread before judging—a man who chases a Will o' the wisp and tortures himself because he believes his unborn child murdered his wife with its cold hands about her heart. *The Children of Old Somebody* is a different story, of a man who was different and had no place in his world.

But I dislike reviews which leave nothing to be read. I recommend this collection not only as preparation for Mr. Goyen's appearance in March, but also as an introduction to a new author whose style is easy to read—but not foolish—whose themes and ideas are unique—who is a capable writer and a careful one.

Ghost and Flesh is man and the force that is beneath his flesh; his spirit, his ghost, his soul—one of these or all. A glimpse into man, conscious and subconscious, and a search for the forces that developed him and now guide him are all present. Here are men who are led by something beneath them, within them, and which is part of the flesh and part of the spirit. Mr. Goyen has done well in creating them.

*People are afraid to say what they
think around here even if they are wrong.*

DJG

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